

Will I file off, you shall have garments, and  
Perfumes to kill the smell o'th prison, after  
When you shall stretch your selfe, and say but *Arcite*  
I am in plight, there shall be at your choyce  
Both Sword, and Armour.

*Pal.* Oh you heavens, dares any  
So noble beare a guilty busines! none  
But onely *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*  
In this kinde is so bold.

*Arc.* Sweete *Palamon*.

*Pal.* I doe embrace you, and your offer, for  
Your offer doo't I onely, Sir your person  
Without hipocrisy I may not wish

*Winde hornes of Cornets.*

More then my Swords edge ont.

*Arc.* You heare the Hornes;  
Enter your Musicke least this match between's  
Be crost, er met, give me your hand, farewell.  
Ile bring you every needfull thing: I pray you  
Take comfort and be strong.

*Pal.* Pray hold your promise;  
And doe the deede with a bent brow, most creaine  
You love me not, be rough with me, and powre  
This oile out of your language; by this ayre  
I could for each word, give a Cusse: my stomach  
not reconcild by reason,

*Arc.* Plainely spoken,  
Yet pardon me hard language, when I spur

*Winde hornes.*

My horse, I chide him nor; content, and anger  
In me have but one face. Harke Sir, they call  
The scatterd to the Banket; you must guesse  
I have an office there.

*Pal.* Sir your attendance  
Cannot please heaven, and I know your office  
Vnjustly is atcheev'd.

*Arc.* If a good title,  
I am perswaded this question sicke between's,

By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a S  
That to your Sword you will beque  
And talke of it no more.

*Pal.* But this one word:  
You are going now to gaze upon m  
For note you, mine she is.

*Arc.* Nay then.

*Pal.* Nay pray you,  
You talke of feeding me to breed m  
You are going now to looke upon  
That strengthens what it looks on,  
You have a vantage ore me, but enj  
I may enforce my remedy. Farewel

*Scena 2. Emer Taylors d*

*Daugh.* He his misbooke; the Bea  
After his fancy, Tis now welnigh m  
No matter, would it were perpetual  
And darkenes Lord o'th world, Ha  
In me hath greife slaine feare, and bu  
I care for nothing, and that's *Pal*  
I wraike not if the wolves would j  
He had this File; what if I hallowd  
I cannot hallow: if I whoop'd; wha  
If he not answerd, I should call a v  
And doe him but that service. I hav  
Strange howles this live-long nigh  
They have made prey of him; he ha  
He cannot run, the Iengling of his C  
Might call fell things to listen, wh  
A fence to know a man unarmed, an  
Smell where resistance is. Ile set it  
He's torne to peeces, they howld m  
And then they feed on him: So mu  
Be bold to ring the Bell; how star  
All's char'd when he is gone, No, n  
My Father's to be hang'd for his  
My selfe to beg, if I priz'd life so m  
As to deny my act, but that I wou

By